



ODES PASTORAL,

SESTINE 2.



K SWEETEST pride of youthful
May, Where my poor flocks were
wont to stay About the valleys
and high hills, Which FLORA with
her glory fills; PARTHENOPHIL, the
gentle Swain, Perplexed with a
pleasing pain,

Despairing how to slack his pain; To woods
and floods, these words did say, " PARTHENOPHE,
mine heart's Soverain! Why dost thou, my
delights delay ? And with thy cross unkindness
kills, Mine heart, bound martyr to thy wills ! "

But women will have their own wills, Alas,
why then should I complain ? Since what She
lists, her heart fulfils. I sigh! I weep! I kneel!
I pray ! When I should kiss, She runs away!
Sighs! knees! tears! prayers ! spent in vain !